This man shall set me packing,
I'le lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsailer
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
VVho was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
VVhere is your sonne?

Gert. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. VVhat *Gertard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Gert. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing stir,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deed!
It had beene so with vs had we bin there,
His libertie is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease
To keep it from diuulging, let it feed
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnesse like some ore
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Showes it selfe pure, a weeps for what is done.

King. Gertrad, come away,

The

l. ult. O Gertrard,

The Sun no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our Maiestie and skill *Enter Ros. and G*
Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, go ioyne you with some further ayd,
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he drag'd him,
Go seeke him out speake faire and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haste in this, — *Ex. Ros. & Gy*
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to do
And whats vntimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds Diameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blank,
Transports his poysoned shot, may misse our name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, O come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus and others.

Ha. Safely stowd, but softly, what noise, who calls on *Ham*
O here they come.

Ros. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust whereto it is kin.

Ros. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Ros. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsaile and not mine owne, b
sides to be demanded of a spunge, what replication should
made by the sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?

Ha. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, h
authorities, but such Officers do the King best seruice in the en
he keepsthem like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth
to be last swallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it
but squeesing you, and spunge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleeps in a foolish ear

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go wi
vs to the King.

7 dreg d 19 but soft, what 22 compos